

MONDAY.....	80,560
TUESDAY.....	80,720
WEDNESDAY.....	82,920
THURSDAY.....	82,280
FRIDAY.....	81,800
SATURDAY.....	81,820

#### THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

Of course the bank presidents and the other money-shavers and money-grabbers are in favor of a repeal of the Saturday half-holiday.

Life is half holiday all the time to these people.

It is very pleasant for them to "attend to business" for an hour or two in the middle of the day, and then go off to enjoy themselves, leaving their "employees" to run their money-making machine six full days in the week.

When the working people petition for the repeal of the Half-Holiday law it will be time enough to wipe it out. Until then let it stand, if for nothing more than as a reminder of the toilers' needs and rights.

#### OPEN THE DOORS.

RIDDLEBERGER may cut a ridiculous figure at times, but he is "dead right" in fighting for open sessions of the Senate.

A Government of the people, by the people, for the people, should transact its public business openly, and not behind locked doors and plugged key-holes. The people want to know what is going on in their Capitol, and they have a right to know.

Open the doors.

#### HE GOT HIS MAN.

LELAND STANFORD, who represents the Central Pacific Railroad in the Senate, says he did not suggest the name of any Senator for the Special Railroad Committee. He merely asked Mr. INGALLS to place on it "one of the Pacific coast Senators who was thoroughly conversant with the workings of the roads."

Mr. INGALLS obliged him by appointing STANFORD's colleague, HENRY. He might as well have named STANFORD himself.

This is what STANFORD is there for—to "see that his interests receive no harm." But who is looking after the interests of poor old swindled Uncle Sam?

#### NOT DEAD YET.

The stipendiary newspaper organs and defenders of monopoly have rejoiced "too previously" over the disruption and decay of the Knights of Labor.

Secretary LITCHMAN estimates a membership for the Order of upward of 500,000, in good standing. Half a million workmen banded for mutual protection, knowing that if they do not stand together they will be oppressed separately, is not an organization to sneer at.

With the increasing tendency of capital to combine, labor must unite more generally and more firmly, in obedience to the first law of nature.

#### HANGING THE HORSESHOE.

The horseshoe as a bringer or a symbol of good luck holds its place firmly among the superstitions.

Horseshoe floral designs have been sent to the walking-match contestants to conjure Fate favorably.

It is astonishing how few people know how to hang a horseshoe properly to make the charm work. Perhaps this is why there is so much bad luck in the world. The shoe should be placed points up. Otherwise "the luck will run off." Place the curve downward is the injunction of a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, full of inherited witchcraft.

But, after all, GARFIELD was right—"An ounce of pluck is worth a pound of luck."

If the "gilded dome" of the Boston State House is in an unsafe condition—which we don't believe—there is at least the satisfaction that it has stood for three-quarters of a century, more or less. The building didn't threaten to tumble before it was completed.

The stories told by the Police Captains, from their actual experience, and written expressly for THE EVENING WORLD, continue to excite wide-spread interest. No evening newspaper feature of the winter has proved such a hit.

Judge COWIN's talk to the Grand Jury on the excise cases has a sound of "business." The idea that a law is to be respected or enforced needs to be driven home occasionally.

The Massachusetts church that dismissed its pastor because he smoked a pipe in private ought to have tempered justice with mercy. He might have smoked cigarettes.

It will probably take a good many deaths from electricity to teach small boys and ignorant older people not to monkey with the wires.



ON THE LAW'S RACE TRACK.  
It Takes More Than Six Days for Lagging Justice to Overtake Squire and Flynn.

#### CANADA COMES DOWN A PEG.

American Fishermen May Now Enter Halifax Harbor for Repairs or Supplies.

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 7.—Collector Ross has received instructions from Ottawa to allow all American fishing vessels putting into this port for repairs to purchase supplies sufficient for them to complete their voyage. There are now from Gloucester vessels here repairing who will be enabled to take advantage of this.

#### WORLDINGS.

The city authorities of Tucson, Ariz., have offered a prize of \$100 to the boy who will plant the largest number of young trees within the city limits before the Fourth of July next. The presentation will be made a feature of the Independence Day celebration.

Capt. Baldry, of the steam whaler Orea, has just returned to St. Francisco from a voyage in which he killed thirty-five whales, the largest catch on record. Twenty-eight of these—all the fish could carry—were stowed and yielded 2,840 barrels of oil and 4,000 pounds of bone. The catch was valued at \$66,800.

One day during war time when Jordan Giles, now of Henderson, Ky., was in business in Paducah, a man named Bell came into his store and left \$5,000 for safe-keeping. Mr. Giles kept the money and heard nothing more of Bell until last week, when the latter wrote him from Los Angeles, Cal., to claim the money.

For several winters past some benevolent Cambridge (Mass.) women have kept a tank of hot coffee in Miss Jones's confectionery store, in Harvard square, where it is served free to the conductors and drivers of the street-car lines which pass through the square. On some cold days as many as thirty fellows have been drawn.

Carl Holmer, of Killarney, Fla., stepped on the head of a large rattlesnake as he was going home the other evening. The rattlesnake snapped its tail in Mr. Holmer's face, but he did not budge until he had disabled it by stamping upon it. He then procured a gun and killed the snake. It measured seven feet in length, and had eleven rattles.

In Wheaton County, W. T., recently, Lewis Darrow killed a grizzly bear that weighed 1,000 pounds, one of the largest ever seen in the neighborhood. Darrow shot seven slugs from a Winchester into the animal before he could subdue it, and just as the final shot went crashing through its brain the grizzly was within a few feet of him.

#### A MADISON SQUARE POET.

He Matulates, Not "Hrenks," Tom Moore's Record.

That six-day race! That six-day race! How many a "ped" with lightning pace Its start did see, who at the close Will limp along with nailless toes!

When first they struck the tanbark track, Each man was sure he'd beat the pack; But half of them, ere day was o'er, Found they could never beat "Fittie's" score.

And so they've dropped out, one by one; While that same act will still go on Until the few who tramp the heat Will scarer be than chickens' teeth.

Far sweeter than "Those Evening Bells," To him will be when "P. J." tells Some runner: "You have won first place!" In this last Garden six-day race!



At the Corner.  
[From Feb. 6.]  
Miss Flanagan—Me father wants two cents' worth of beer, Mister Samboedeker.

At Home.  
[From Feb. 6.]  
Mr. Flanagan (who has been in the room five minutes)—Joggie! the pore, Katy. It's starting! I've the bottom of the jail.

Here on Business or Pleasure.  
J. P. Coombs, a well-known Boston lawyer, is at the Alchemic.

Col. H. T. Noyes, of Rochester, is registered at the Albemarle.

Mr. N. Maney, U. S. A., and J. J. Colwell, U. S. N., are at the St. James.

W. H. Thomas, a prominent Philadelphia, is stopping at the Hotel Eden.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn Miller, of Newburg, and S. B. Gabb, of Kansas City, are at the Wilbur.

The Morton House shelters F. P. Stone, of Boston; W. S. Adams, of New Haven; D. J. McLaughlin, of Toronto; and Ed A. Barron, of Greenpoint.

At the Union Square Hotel are Henry White, of Boston; R. C. Leonard, of Boston; J. H. Langley, of Philadelphia; and F. W. Huddell, of Chicago. Arrivals of prominence at the Victoria are Gen. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans; Sir George M. Putnam, of Chicago; Col. W. P. Bassett, banker, of Hartford, and Dr. M. B. Barrie, of Troy.

Dr. Aschroft, of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Elliott, of Philadelphia, and M. B. Stoker, Henry Irving's manager, are booked at the Brunswick.

Mr. H. Newbury, of Detroit, is at the Hoffman, with half a dozen friends who are to act as ushers at the Newbury's marriage with a Brooklyn young lady this evening.

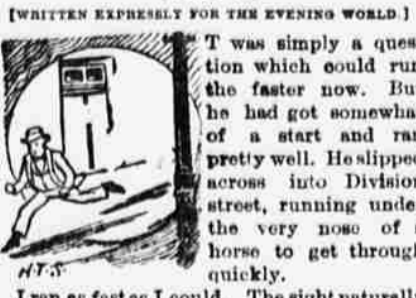
John B. Stanchfield, Mayor of Elmira and law partner of Gov. Hill; Andrew E. Maister, of Albany; Christopher A. E. Wanner, of Indianapolis; Monaghan, Philadelphia; and J. A. P. Kearney, of Washington, are among the many at the Hoffman.

## A HOT RUN.

OR,  
Dr. Swan's Prediction.

BY  
Police Capt. Jacob Siebert,  
Of the Leonard Street Station.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]



It was simply a question which could run the faster now. But he had got somewhat of a start and ran pretty well. He slipped across into Division street, running under the very nose of a horse to get through quickly.

I ran as fast as I could. The sight naturally excited the attention of the passers-by. A crowd began to follow, running too. It was a sight to see a policeman running, with a crowd at his heels. I pulled my cap down tight on my head and made the best time I could, and the crowd followed, new-comers joining it as we went on. It was a hot chase after the fugitive.

He ran as fast as I did at the start. I kept my distance, but did not narrow it down very much. The one that held out best was the likeliest to win. I could see my man ahead of me, although occasionally he was lost a little in the crowd. He evidently thought he had better chances by keeping along East Broadway than if he turned down a side street, as there was more probability of his getting lost to sight in the crowd.

I had entirely forgotten everything that the doctor had said about not taking any violent exercise or doing anything at all likely to arouse an unusual activity in the chest. I never thought of my heart until I began to feel a pain and oppression in my heart. I was too excited in my desire to get the fellow to think of anything else.

I saw after a while that he was running more slowly. He was evidently giving out. I kept up pretty much as I started, but it was beginning to be an effort. The day was warm, and tearing down East Broadway in my coat, with a crowd hallooing, and running along, too, with the difficulty of keeping it up getting greater every minute, all this was not exactly obeying Dr. Swan's advice and directions! But I was not going to let up till I had to, and the man ahead was clearly giving out. I knew I was giving out, too, but if I could keep it up a little longer I would have him.

The only thing I feared was his shooting into some saloon or some place where he might be known, and by the help of the occupants escape me by working through some back passage.

He was running more and more feebly. I exerted myself to keep up. I was too near to abandon the chase and the game. The crowd, which had received large additions, followed closely at my heels. They wanted to see how it would end. They probably hoped the man would get away.

But he didn't. He suddenly stopped short and leaned against the doorposts of a shop. I slackened my own pace a little. I knew he was "played out" and would have to rest a minute at least to get his wind, and I tried to exert myself a little so if he should start off again I would be in better trim to keep it up myself. But I did not believe he would do any more running. He looked perfectly used up and leaned heavily against his support.

I finally got near him and let myself down to a walk. I was puffing so I could hardly speak. When I came up to him he looked at me and said, panting:

"I'll give up."

He stood breathing heavily, absorbed by the endeavor to get his wind, and I was in pretty much the same condition, and was breathing quick and heavily myself. I had got him and could well afford to wait a minute to let him recover from his hard run, not to mention myself. I was glad enough to have the opportunity to breathe comfortably, although there was not very much comfort in it yet for either of us.

"You—ran—me—down. I'm—just—clean—knocked—out," he said with a heavy breath between every word.

After a few moments I took him to the station-house. He was searched. Nothing was found on him that he had taken from the safe in the furniture store. But in his pocket was a bunch of skeleton keys. The proprietor of the store identified him as the young man whom he had noticed come into the store and afterwards leave the office. He had looked through the safe and found nothing gone.

The fellow was a respectably dressed, active young chap, about twenty-one years of age. He belonged to the "profession," however, and was a brilliant member of the Allen Gang. He had passed the door of the furniture shop just as the owner was walking back to show the customer something. He slipped into the office to see what he could pick up.

When he saw the key in the safe he hurriedly went through it; but the money was locked up, and he knew the papers would be more trouble to him than gain, or at least did not want to run the risk of detection. So he had hurried out, hoping that he was unnoticed.

When he saw me running he did not wait to think twice, but skipped himself, hoping to get away on account of his start. He was locked up pending an examination of his case. Shortly after this I was favored by a visit from two young "toughs." They were pretty flashy in their style, and talked in a greasy sort of way.

"You see," said one of them to me, "one of our pals has been unlucky. He's got into a sort of scrape, though he's a good fellow. He's the chap what you run down, and the bloke of a furniture man has so much gruff about his safe. Well, now, officer, you know how these things go. If they find out that he's a little screw, and what's the use of making it worse for him. Couldn't you just get those keys out of the way and not say nothing 'em off, officer? You won't be any the worse off for yer being' light on him, and the crowd'll stand by yer."

I declined to show the consideration for

their comrade which they seemed to think was such a natural, trifling piece of good nature under the circumstances, and told them that Billy would have to stand anything that would come from his having the false keys on his person. This was one of the chances he took by carrying them.

They withdrew after a little more talk, much disgusted at my want of kindness in refusing to do something to help to screen Billy.

Later another one of the gang approached me when I was making my rounds and opened the subject of Billy and the false keys again. I turned him off pretty shortly and had no further interviews on the subject from the rest of his "pals."

Billy came up before Recorder Hackett and got sent up for his offense. The sentence was not so very severe, and how much it may have been affected by the discovery of the false keys on him could not very well be told. Dr. Swan had made a mistake just as doctors will do occasionally. According to his view the only thing for one to have done after that run on a hot day was to die of heart disease. But although I felt some trouble for two days after it, I have not experienced any ill results since then. I was too excited to think of anything at the time except getting my man, and I was glad enough to run him down after starting in on the chase and having a crowd of spectators and a large number of companions in my chase. My wind was better than Billy's and that was enough.

It was a little funny, so soon after Dr. Swan's expressly saying that it would not do for me to run two blocks, even to catch the Nathan murderer and secure the large reward offered for his capture, for me to have to run fifteen blocks in the discharge of my duty, as fast as I could, on a hot summer day. It proved that he was not quite right in his prediction.

#### A "SUN" (MORTGAGED) LIE NAILED.

Keep 'Em Up, Ananias, if They Make You Less Wretched—They Don't Bother Us.

A boyish-looking young man with a false voice went into the Leonard street police station yesterday, and asked to see Capt. Siebert.

"Is the story printed in to-day's EVENING WORLD, entitled 'A Hot Run,' yours?" he inquired.

"It is not a story, it's the truth," the Captain replied.

Then the young man subjected Capt. Siebert to a rigid cross-examination, obtaining the information that not only was the story Capt. Siebert's own, but that Capt. Siebert had even read the proof after it had got into type.

In to-day's Sun (mortgaged) Capt. Siebert is quoted as denying the authorship of the story in strong terms, and the Sun (mortgaged) adds additional lies that are amusing through their absurdity.

The most charitable view to take of the misrepresentations is that Dana, who is an apt, though not very far-seeing liar, got hold of the young man's copy before it went into type.

#### ABOLISH THE SUGAR TRUST!

Poor People Already Seriously Affected by the Rise in Prices.

If a popular vote could do it the Sugar Trust would be abolished immediately. No one can read the results of the canvass carried on by THE EVENING WORLD among the people without being impressed by that fact. Here are some more interviews:

H. Hoffman, grocer, of 182 Seventh avenue, said: "The Sugar Trust is hurting my business considerably. My customers complain bitterly. I don't sell as much sugar as I did before the formation of the trust. To tell you the truth, I am not anxious to sell much sugar, as I make nothing on it."

Jacob Cordes keeps a grocery store at 71 Charlton street. He said: "The courts punish labor unions for resorting to boycotting. Is not this Sugar Trust more deserving of punishment than the labor unions? The rich can't realize what a hardship this Sugar Trust has proved to the poor."

L. Shuster, grocer, of 48 Prince street, said: "If this Sugar Trust is allowed to exist and prices of sugar continue to increase the poor people will have to dispense with the use of sugar entirely. Many of my poorest customers even now are drinking their tea and coffee without sugar. I am exceedingly glad to see that THE EVENING WORLD takes such a lively interest in the matter."

G. Morini has a small grocery store at 64 Sullivan street. He said: "My customers, who are very poor people, complain very much at the increase of sugar prices, which tends to put it out of their reach. I sell very little sugar now and what I do sell is the cheapest kind. I hope that THE EVENING WORLD will be instrumental in crushing this sugar combination."

Fuerste Brothers, at 963 Second avenue, don't like the trust at all. With cut-lod sugar costing them 8 1/2 cents a pound and selling again at 30 cents for three and a half pounds they can't make a profit. I sell very little sugar now and what I do sell is the cheapest kind. I hope that THE EVENING WORLD will be instrumental in crushing this sugar combination."

W. Stettin, of 964 Second avenue, considered the trust a "regular fraud." It was a money-making scheme, he said, for the men who were in it.

William Vicks, of 977 First avenue, expressed himself strongly. "It's a regular swindle," he said. "It isn't right to put up the price of such things."

Henry Rugen, of 885 First avenue, said: "I think it's a shame, the way they're doing—paying men to shut up their refineries and then charging what they please for sugars. They think they have the money, and can do what they please. I've been here twenty-one years, and I never saw anything like this."

Mr. Rugen also spoke of the injustice of keeping out of work the sugar-house employees who are poorly enough paid even when employed.

#### Our Police Captain Series.

Capt. Philip Cassidy, of the Eldridge street station, has contributed to the interesting story now running in THE EVENING WORLD a story of adventure with a clever burglar on the west side.

Though Many Fail to Agree with Him.

[From Feb. 6.]  
Sunday-school Superintendent—George William Haggood, what man in biblical history lost all his powers when his hair was sheared off?

Superintendent—Well, Henry Perkins, you may answer.

Had Boy (promptly)—Bill Nye!

The Universal Means.

From Greenland's icy mountains  
And India's coral strands  
Poke strong our business oars  
With "Wash" ask, is it their hands.

## OUR TIM AT WASHINGTON.

ONE SECRET OF HIS INFLUENCE WITH HIS CONSTITUENTS.

He Always Looks Out for His Friends and Sometimes Takes Care of Whole Families—In His Opinion the Present Congress Will Not Do Much—Solid for Cleveland for President and Hill for Governor.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—"Which is our Tim?"

There are only two Tims among the 325 members of Congress, and both are good Democrats, and both sit on the same side of the House. The one is Timothy E. Tarnsey, of Michigan, who is bitterly opposed to being called the Hon. Mr. Tarnsey, but prefers the simple Tim. The other is "our Tim" of the two gushing young women who, with banded hair and plush accents, leaned far over the ladies' gallery of the House searching for "Tim."

"Ah, there he comes now!" rapturously exclaimed the younger, the darker and handsomer, as the graceful figure of the Representative from the Eighth New York, sauntered in. The diamond pin glistened over the wide territory of shirt front, and the white cravat was in its place, as it has been for thirty years; the folds of the long frock coat were thrown far apart, exposing the negligee vest and the massive gold watch chain. In his hand he carried a bundle of letters and papers, which he laid tenderly on his desk, extending his left hand at the same time to a fellow-member with the true Thirteenth Ward hospitable air.

"There is no more generous a man in the House than Judge Campbell. You know he's just got George a position in the Post-office?" said one.

"Oh, has he?" returned the other. "I did not know that they let Democrats get appointed to the Post-office." She said this innocently. "You know what he did for Mike?"

"No."

"Oh, he's in the Street-Cleaning Department," said the lady. "He's in the Interior Department, Billy up with Mr. Fairchild, and Joe he's got a position in the Navy-Yard—all through 'our Tim.'"

"He has done for your family?" explained the other. "Well, to begin with, he got me father on the Aqueduct, Brother Tom in the Department of Public Works, Jake driving a street-cleaning cart, little Remond in the page-boy in the floor. Sister Mary is in the Treasury, and he has promised me a place in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing."

And this is Tim Campbell's reputation! It is a faithful whether any other member of Congress or any Senator can claim as many appointments in the city and nation as Tim. He is not satisfied with taking one representative from his family, but he takes care of the whole family. It is his diversion or his business.

It goes without saying that he is in this respect the most influential Representative from New York. A fellow-New York member had a man appointed in the post-office of the House two years ago, but this year he was dropped and one of Tim's constituents was appointed in his place. The year was a war for a time, but peace was finally restored.

Tim Campbell is one of the best natured men in the House. He seldom talks. Like most great men, he rarely drinks and never swears. He is very liberal and lives in true Democratic style at the Congressional Hotel, across the plaza from the House side of the Capitol.

"I am so fond of that beautiful building," he said the other day, pointing to the Capitol, "that I always like to see it the first thing in the morning and the last at night," an eloquent paraphrase of Daniel Webster's famous remark at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument.

As a man of such prominence usually possesses ideas that are valuable to his constituents, an every-day woman correspondent was deputed to interview Judge Campbell on the leading topics of the day.

"Will the House pass a Tariff bill?" he was asked.

"The disposition of the House is to pass one. But this tariff business is all very much mixed. You remember how the newspapers from Maine to California jumped all over Gen. Hancock for saying 'the tariff is only a local issue.' True words were never spoken. What one locality wants another won't have. Where one section demands protection the other clanders for free trade. I believe that the best way, after all, is to have a tariff for revenue and a tariff that will protect our workman, or honest labor, as they call it, from cheap foreign labor."

"Protect honest industries where protection is needed, but remove and destroy protection where it threatens to create or foster monopolies."

"Now you would you draw the line?"

"Now you have it. That is where statesmanship comes into play. Wise indeed will be that man or that set of men who can strip themselves of personal and partisan feelings and rise high above their station and see the good of the whole country. I have lost sight of everything but what is for the best interests of the whole country. Few men are built that way in these days."

"Will we have a long session?"

"Yes, I should not be surprised if we were here until August. We will be jarred now and then by lively political tussles."

"And you will accomplish?"

"Why, Grover Cleveland, of course. I don't want to open their eyes to the Congress of wind, not of work."

"How is this fishery dispute to be settled?"

"Well, I'll tell you. England thinks that she can treat this country in much the same way that she has treated Ireland. She is engaged in a big game of bluff. Why, those fellows up there want the earth; that part of it particularly that is called the United States. They want the coast, the fisheries, the coast and don't want to open their eyes to the Congress of wind, not of work."

"Have you met Mr. Chamberlain?"

"Old John—why I have known him for many years. Oh, when the gentleman that has come out here to settle the fishery dispute and is passing his time eating swell dinners and all our good will, only to return and make the report that we are to have a tariff for revenue and a tariff that will protect our workman, or honest labor, as they call it, from cheap foreign labor."

"To get on to politics, Judge, who is to be the choice of the Democratic party?"

"I don't know. I mean the money count, half indignantly, as if the question were presumptuous."

"And who will be elected?"

"Anybody that the Republicans put up."

"Whom will they put up?"

"I don't know that, and they don't. Blaine will get the vote. I mean the money count, half indignantly, as if the question were presumptuous."

"Will he have any opposition in procuring the nomination?"

"Why should he? Hasn't he made a good Governor and isn't he a good Democrat?"

## CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

One of New York's Oldest Parishes Founded by a Cuban Priest.